A FAMILY MOSAIC

FRAGMENTARY SKETCHES OF OUR FOREBEARS IN AMERICA

by

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THE KITTRELLS

Our Grandmother, the wife of Langston Goree, was named Sarah Williams Kittrell. She was born in North Carolina, where her people, the Kittrells, the Normans and the Williamses had lived for several generations.

Mr. O. W. Blacknall, a kinsman from Kittrell, North Carolina, gives in the "Blacknall Memoirs" an interesting and minute account of the Kittrells. He believes that the name was originally Cottrell, an English word meaning a dweller in a cot or a small house. He traces the name Cottrell and variations among the people who settled Chowan and the Albemarle Sound country until the name Kitterill first appears in 1728. This Kitterill, he thinks, is the same as the Jonathan Kittrell who served as a court juror at Edentown in the Chowan precinct in 1728.

Of course, we know that almost all early American names underwent changes in spelling. As Mr. Blacknall remarks, "The early settler was more concerned with getting bread for his children and keeping their scalps in the right place than in teaching them spelling and grammar." The Kittrells of America today may have been Cottrells of old England, but the tradition of our Kittrells in the Gulf States is that their ancestors came from Wales. A Welsh friend of mine says that they have a word which sounds much like Kittrell which means "devil-man." Since

we do not know anyway we can take our choice—I rather lean toward the Welsh "devil-man."

"An Economic and Social History of Chowan County, N.C." has been published by the Columbia University Press. The first settlers of Chowan were Virginians, New Englanders, and a colony of shipbuilders from the Bermudas. One John Brickell, in a book about North Carolina published in Dublin in 1737, says of them: "There is Liberty of Conscience allowed in the whole Province; the Planters live in the greatest Harmony imaginable, no Disputes or Controversies are ever observed to arrise among them about their Religious Principles. They always treat each other with Friendship and Hospitality, and never dispute over their Liquor."

History intimates that these early settlers from New England and Virginia went to North Carolina in search of refuge from the too insistent religious demands of their respective localities. They did not even build a church house until some forty or fifty years after the first settlement. This is rather interesting in connection with our own family. The colony of shipbuilders is interesting, too, because some years ago a man named Kittrell from New Jersey, wrote Mr. Blacknall that their tradition was that we all came from two Kittrell brothers, shipbuilders, who came to New York State, from Ireland, about 1660. The North Carolina tradition asserts that the first American ancestor came to Virginia about 1663.

Mr. Blacknall, from a careful study of land transfers, thinks that the Jonathan Kittrell who sold land in Bertie County in 1739, was probably the first white settler of Granville County which, historians say, was first explored by white men that same year. At any rate, Jonathan and Samuel Kittrell, who were probably the sons of this

earlier Jonathan, bought land from a Chavers or Chavis in 1760. Since the price paid was not the usual survey fee of that date, Mr. Blacknall thinks that they had been living on unentered land and paid a round bonus to Chavers rather than lose their improvements. The country is heavily timbered and cleared land was at a large premium.

Mr. Blacknall gives a most interesting little bit of American social history in connection with this name Chavers. Either this Chavers or his son was a well-known free Negro. He was a large land owner and a well educated man. As a school teacher he instructed some of the men who were prominent in North Carolina history. The "History of the American Negro" proves clearly that American racial prejudice is a development of the last hundred years. Tradition says that this Chavers was not only entertained by the best white people but was actually put in the company bed to sleep. A road which passess Kittrell is still known as the Chavers Road, and a county bridge is Chavers Bridge.

The Granville County records show that in 1761, Earl Granville granted to George Kittrell of Bertie County, 360 acres on Norris Creek; in 1761, he granted to John Kittrell of Hertford County, 382 acres on Rocky Creek; in 1762, Samuel Kittrell received 480 acres on Rocky Branch for 100 pounds, Virginia money. John Kittrell signed his name with a cross, the only illiterate of the name we find. These three counties are just across the Chowan River from Chowan County and tradition says that all the Kittrells named were related.

The wife of the Jonathan Kittrell who bought land in Granville County in 1760 was named Elizabeth. In 1771, Jonathan organized a militia company, and the muster roll contains the names of several other Kittrells. Samuel was

lieutenant, Jonathan, Junior, was clerk and Isaac was a private. Jonathan, Senior, bought and sold quantities of land and was probably of some consequence locally. In November 1772, Jonathan Kittrell Junior, married Tabby Bryant, daughter of William Bryant, whom the Granville County land records show came to the county from Brunswick County, Virginia. The Misses Bryant, descendants of this William Bryant, were still living on this original grant when last I heard in 1914. The original of Jonathan Kittrell's marriage bond is preserved in the Court House at Oxford, N. C. It reads:

> "Know all men by these presents that we, Jonathan Kittrell and William Bryant of Granville County, in the province of North Carolina, are held and firmly bound unto our Sovereign Lord the King, his heirs and successors, in the sum of fifty pounds proclamation money, which payment well and truly to be made, we bind ourselves and each of our heirs jointly and severally firmly by these presents. Sealed with our seals and dated this 7th day of November, Anno Dom. 1772. The condition of the above obligation is such that whereas the above bound Jonathan Kittrell, Jun. hath the day of the date hereof made application for license for marriage to be celebrated between him and Tabby Bryant——and hath obtained the same. Now, if it still appears that there is any lawful cause to obstruct the said marriage then this obligation to be void. Otherwise to remain in full force and power.
>
> JONATHAN KITTRELL
> WILLIAM BRYANT
>
> Signed, sealed and delivered
> in the presence of
> REUBEN SEARCY.

Between 1775 and 1781, Jonathan, Junior, bought and

sold 360 acres of land and reinvested in the same amount, his last purchase being a part of the William Bryant grant on the east side of Ruin Creek. On the 8th of March, 1782, he enlisted in Captain Mill's Company in the 10th North Carolina Regiment commanded by Colonel Abraham Shepherd. There is little record of fighting by this regiment. This is the last appearance of Jonathan, Junior, in the records of North Carolina so his death probably occurred about this time.

The Tabby Bryant who married Jonathan Kittrell, Junior, was the daughter of William Bryant and the granddaughter of the original William Bryant who first settled the place in Granville County. This first William Bryant was murdered by a Negro slave——the event as tradition has preserved it, being one of the most tragic occurrences of the ante-Revolutionary period in Granville County. William Bryant's place was located between two other estates, that of Pomfret Herndon on one side, and a man named McDaniel on the other. A Negro slave from McDaniel's had taken a wife at Pomfret Herndon's and his shortest path to his wife's cabin was through William Bryant's farm.

The Negro, however, was a runaway and a vicious character and William Bryant ordered him to cease passing through his farm. Whether he took steps to enforce his command is not known, but the Negro stole Herndon's gun, and creeping up in the woods which surrounded the house, shot William Bryant as he sat in his doorway. That was in 1765 and, although soap and sand and water have worn the floor deep in the effort to rub out the stains of his blood, the spot where he died can still be seen.

The Negro was burned at the stake, the penalty of the province for a slave who killed his master. Bryant was

not his owner but the atrocity of the deed so aroused the neighborhood that the execution (which is mentioned in Hawkes' "History of North Carolina") was ordered anyway. For a long time the Negro was not captured and it transpired that he had been hiding under the Bryant dwelling itself.

The old Bryant house, which was the home of the elderly great-granddaughters of the murdered man when last I heard, the Misses Mary and Louise Bryant, is one of the interesting places of North Carolina. It was built after the Queen Anne fashion and not a single feature has been changed, but more than a hundred years ago its size was doubled and it was moved fifty yards up the hill. It stands between Ruin and Tabb Creeks, about four miles west of the present town of Kittrell. Its huge colonial fireplaces and paneled mantels have been preserved along with the traces of the blood of its builder.

The widow of Jonathan Kittrell, Junior, remarried after his death, her second husband being a Harris. The two Kittrell children were Mary, known as Polly, who married Thomas Blacknall and whose descendants still live in Kittrell; and a son named Bryant, who married Mary Norman. Some of the descendants of Bryant and Mary Norman Kittrell we know very well, particularly the young Gorees and the Otters who live in Texas, Arizona and California, for whom this record is now being written.

The family tradition says that the Normans were wealthy people, the old General owning a thousand slaves. This is probably an exaggeration. The best authorities agree that there were very few plantations——except in family traditions——on which there were actually a thousand slaves. It has gotten to be a Southern figure of speech ——like "the cattle on a thousand hills." There is also a tra-

dition that the head of the family retained his Tory sympathies during the Revolution but Little Grandmother's account repudiates this story. Just before her death Grandmother wrote to a cousin in North Carolina, some notes about her family. Her letter reads:

> "I will try and give you the history of my Father's and Mother's family, and of my grandparents. I never saw my grandfather (Norman) but once. He was a grand looking old man. He died soon after. I was very young then, but remember his standing at the foot of the table and asking a long blessing and then bringing me a toddy and insisting on my drinking it. It frightened me so I could not eat any dinner. If he had any brothers I never heard of them. I often heard my mother speak of him as a soldier and of entertaining the soldiers with barrels of cider, wines and brandy. He was an Englishman we know from the fact that he left the most of his property to his son, Uncle Norman. He was *sparing* with his gifts to his daughters. Uncle Norman in his young days was a very wild, dashing *spindthrift* and his Father spent thousands on him and then left him the bulk of his fortune. He was quite a wealthy man for those days. The girls always thought it was a great injustice to them as some of them were poor and had to work very hard to make a living. I do not recollect the date of my grandfather's death but I believe all his children were married before he died."

Father supplemented this account a little by the information that the old General had seven daughters and one son. On his death he left one Negro woman to the seven daughters and everything else to his son who continued to be what Grandmother called a "spindthrift." Father said his Grandmother, Mary Norman Kittrell, was

always very bitter over her father's legacy.

Grandmother continued her letter with a little account of the Williams.

> "My grandmother's family lived at a small town called Williamsburg, not many miles from Oak Grove. My grandmother's father was Judge Williams. I have often heard my Mother say that he would take my grandmother with him in his rounds to courts. She was very smart and understood much about law, a splendid manager and housekeeper and left the legacy to her daughter. If she had any brothers and sisters I never heard of them. My mother used to speak of Aunt Burton and Aunt Henderson but they had all moved away before my time. There were a number of Williams living there. They called us cousin. My grandmother died in her 81st year but I do not remember the year."

Battle's "History of the University of North Carolina" says: "John Williams, founder of Williamsboro, Judge of Granville County, Judge of the first court under the Constitution, and member of the Congress of the Confederation, was one of the founders who helped lay the cornerstone of the University, and was a trustee from 1789 to 1799."

> "In the year 1801," continues Grandmother's narrative, "my father and mother emigrated from Granville County and bought a nice little farm joining the Hill. In the year 1789 the great and good men of the State had selected Chapel Hill as a site for the University and soon there was a fine school there, and a number of nice familes moved there, and from the first we had good society and splendid schools. It was there that Bryant Kittrell and Mary Norman Kittrell raised and educated their eight children, four sons and four

daughters."

The University of North Carolina was, and is, an institution worthy of our pride. Battle's "History" says: "In December, 1776, a Convention, then called Congress, of enlightened men, met at Halifax to form a constitution for the new free state of North Carolina. The Constitution adopted contained these words: 'All useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more Universities'. In 1789, without a dollar in sight, these men of great faith and mighty vision estimated no less than six buildings (one a library) to be essential, and began taking subscriptions, organizing a Board of Trustees and deciding upon a location."

The children born to Bryant and Mary Norman Kittrell were:

Margaret Norman,	born in 1801
Jonathan Bryant,	born in 1803
Pleasant Williams,	in 1805
Sarah Williams,	in 1807
Thomas Jefferson,	in 1809
Tabitha Bryant,	in 1811
William James,	in 1813
Mary Norman,	in 1815

The fourth child was our grandmother. The wavering little record left for us by our grandmother, closes with some account of her eldest sister, Margaret:

> "Margaret Norman Kittrell, born in 1801, was educated at the Hill. She graduated with high honors. She was very attractive and much admired but was disappointed by the death of her young man. She could never be induced to marry afterward. She turned her attention to teaching and taught until her death which occurred in '36 in Alabama. She was a shining light and died in

the glorious hope of a blessed immortality. My dear Sister, I trust we meet again where parting is no more."

In Grandmother's scrapbook is a faded, worn letter from Margaret to "My dear Sally." Much of it is illegible but I can read enough to derive some idea about the family. Evidently their brother Pleasant was unhappily married to his first wife, who was, I think, an Anna Pegues. Margaret writes most commiseratingly of him. She, herself, is teaching——I think at Oxford. She urges Sally to learn painting and to make those velvet bags with embroidery on them, and to collect all the pretty patterns she can for working anything, lace in particular. She tells of studying French with a Dr. Lee but denies that she is setting her cap for him——says she has relinquished all idea of marriage. However, she urges Sally to come visit her and set *her* cap for him. She also discusses some scheme she has had to take boarders in connection with her school and says she has written home several times to see if Father would let her have the Negroes for servants, but adds that he only gives her one of his foolish answers.

Pleasant Williams Kittrell graduated with honors from the University in 1822, and was a trustee of the University from 1834 to 1836. There is a letter from him to his Sister Margaret, dated, I think, November 1831. Most of it is about religion. John, it seems, had been converted, and Pleasant writes that:

"I rejoice that some members of our family are religious if that blessing is withheld from me."

He writes in detail to his sister about his efforts to receive the Holy Spirit but that so many worldly things intervene. "The situation of our poor father bears on my mind, as well as my own," he says. He speaks briefly of his wife,

and tells of the amount of sickness the country has seen. He was a doctor and tells thankfully that he has only lost two patients and that all his own household have been ill but all recovered except Old Brinton, the banjo player. Old Brinton was evidently one of his Negroes. His letter closed with a reference to a child who must have been his daughter. "Little Mary looks like a mountain rose——one of the most astonishing children I ever saw. You would be charmed with her."

Grandmother's scrapbook contains many references to the family. One of the Norman sisters married a Pulliam. John R. Kittrell, the son of Jonathan, went to California during the gold rush of '49. He became a prominent and wealthy lawyer and was at one time Attorney General, but his property was confiscated during the war because of his Southern sympathies. His grandchildren lived in Fresno and are friends of our Frances and her family.

Benjamin A. Kittrell was a freshman in the University in '49 but did not graduate. He was a member of the Convention of 1861 and Battle's "History" says "he was a lawyer and politician of promise but died early." William Jones Kittrell married Elizabeth Cairo of South Carolina and their son, Benjamin Franklin was a rather distinguished doctor. Dr. Pleasant Kittrell moved to Alabama and married our Aunt Frank, his second wife. Tabitha died early and probably Thomas Jefferson and Mary Norman, since I do not find any references to them.

Battle's "History" says that Bryant Kittrell imported the first cotton gin ever seen in that part of the world, a little thing not much larger than a sewing machine. After that more cotton was raised in the neighborhood; the clothing was woven on the family loom. My father said that Mary Norman Kittrell was very bitter over their pov-

erty. She worked very hard taking boarders by day and picking the seed out of cotton at night to weave their clothes. This must have been before they bought the cotton gin——perhaps it was the reason for trying it. She accumulated a little property which she left to her eldest son, Jonathan, although she had spent a life-time abusing her father for leaving his property to his only son.

My mother said that Grandmother Goree was not particularly proud of her father, Bryant Kittrell, but that she was pleased when Mother and Father named a son for him. He has always had rather a fascination for me, and in spite of Grandmother's deeply religious nature, I believe the liberal religious strain in our family comes to us through her father——probably goes back to the first North Carolina settler of the name. Bryant Kittrell was quite an elderly man when his children were worrying about his soul. Being a non-Churchman in those days was something of an achievement——so much effort and thought seems to have been directed toward conversions. It interested me——and it will interest the present cotton men in the family——to know that he bought the first cotton gin used in that part of the world, just as it pleased me to find that my father bought a book called "The Cotton Question," in 1866. Our family has lived under that devastating old monarch for so many generations it is a happiness to know that they were not always quiescent under his rule.

Moving to Chapel Hill so that his children might be born and bred in the atmosphere of a state university showed that Bryant Kittrell valued education. We know that he had an energetic, embittered wife, and Margaret's references to his "foolish answers" show that she regarded him with impatience. I suspect that the fine mental ac-

tivity of the Kittrells comes from him.

A very interesting book was published this winter called "Old Days in Chapel Hill." It is really the biography of Cornelia Phillips Spencer, the daughter of one of the first professors of the University, and it makes Chapel Hill and the early days of the University most vivid and real. In Grandmother's scrapbook there is a letter from Cornelia Phillips' brother, Samuel F. Phillips. It was written from Washington in 1896. He asks her to verify the date of the funeral of her sister, Miss Tabitha Kittrell. It was his first funeral and one of his earliest recollections. He writes in part:

> "Being in Chapel Hill in 1879, I walked out to that farm (the Kittrell farm) and looked about ——because of childish memories connected with the creek, the spring, the laurel, ivy and strawberries. I sought the family graveyard and found it grown over——as all private graveyards come to be——with young trees and bushes——*protected by them.* And I gratified an early sentiment growing out of the first funeral I had ever seen, by standing there awhile in deep thought. The old house was not occupied——it was a fine afternoon——and deep peace was there.
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> "I am sorry I have no personal recollection of yourself"; he writes, "after you had gone to Alabama, my mother often talked to us about you—— as a *belle and a beauty.* So I came to imagine what you were like."

There is another letter from Dr. Kemp P. Battle, former student, tutor, trustee and president of the University, and then engaged upon writing the *History,* to which I have referred. This letter begins:

"Dear Madam:

In writing to your nephew, Mr. John R. Kitt-

> rell, of Fresno, California, I enquired after a lady known in Chapel Hill by tradition as "the beautiful Miss Kittrell." To my great gratification he writes me that she still lives, and that you are the lady."

He tells her about the contemplated "History" and that he wishes to show the social as well as the educational side of life at Chapel Hill, and asks for her reminiscences.

These two letters had been received when we met in Midway to celebrate Little Grandmother's ninety-second birthday. One little incident brought a lump to my throat at the time and I have appreciated it better since reading these letters. On the morning of the birthday dinner, Aunt Sue and some of the cousins were dressing Grandmother in a new gray silk with the white lace cap with lavender ribbons which was her dress-up costume. Everyone admired her appearance. She was much excited and when the dressing was completed someone brought her a glass to look at herself. The joy quickly faded from her keen black eyes and she said droopingly, "I think I look very old and wrinkled." I know now that Little Grandmother had been living in the past with these two letters and that she had been seeing herself as beautiful Sally Kittrell back in Chapel Hill.

Dr. Battle's "History" contains many references to Grandmother. "One of the most popular Chapel Hill belles of this period," he writes, "very winning and beautiful, a good singer, accustomed to raise the tunes in Church service, was Miss Sarah Williams Kittrell, whose father removed from Granville to a home about two miles southwest of the University buildings, where he carried on a farm and took student boarders. Tradition says that she agreed to marry a promising senior, afterwards U.S. Sena-

tor, but the match was broken off because of his poverty and great distance from Chapel Hill. After he became famous he returned by invitation to deliver the annual commencement address, and his old boarding-house keeper, Mrs. Betsy Nunn, upbraided him for breaking faith with her favorite Sally Kittrell. Hearing that she was living in Midway, Texas, in her 90th year, I wrote to her and received in reply a most sprightly letter, giving her reminiscences of Chapel Hill society . . . The kindly manner in which she speaks of her old flame indicates that their engagement, and its disruption, if true, left no scar on her happy soul."

My brothers and sisters and I had two very unusual women for our grandmothers. I wish that I could write enough to do them justice. I had intended to end the account of the Kittrells with a sketch of Little Grandmother, but I find that I have already told you much of her life as a wife and mother in writing of the Gorees. Dr. Battle has told you of her girlhood, so it is only left for me to tell you a few memories of her wonderful old age. The theme of the matriarch is very popular now in American and English fiction but none of these elderly women dominating their families were the charming women that our grandmothers were; our grandmothers would never have allowed themselves the unlovely appearance and manners of the grandmothers of the Whiteoaks; Little Grandmother more nearly approached the character of the old Basque Matriarch of "Basquerie," but she did not allow her aggressiveness as a person, to submerge her daintiness and tenderness and her personal vanity. Children, grandchildren and friends treated her like a queen and she ruled her large circle as a queen. She read the daily paper and discussed it, and her middle-aged sons listened respect-

fully to her opinions on political issues in the State and Nation. Her industry was proverbial. As a young matron it was said that certain recipes were so much in demand that she learned to carry copies in her reticule ready to give away. She sewed and crocheted and knitted, and every piece of her work is priceless to us. It was with difficulty that she was persuaded to lay down her domestic duties in the household. She had a tender heart but her children and her servants knew how firm the hand which ruled them.

Grandmother's little personal vanities were delightful. She was well in the nineties when she died but she always wore a little black silk cap under the trimmed one of white lace in the belief that it would not be so evident that her hair had turned grey. She was always beautifully dressed for her state occasions, preferring grey silk and lavender ribbons, rather than the somber black of her day. There is a lovely account of her in many of the Texas newspapers at the time one of the Confederate Reunions was held in Houston. Winnie Davis, daughter of the president of the Confederacy, was the honored guest. Dressed in her best, and on Cousin Norman Kittrell's arm, Grandmother went to be presented to the real daughter of the Confederacy. She took Miss Davis' hand and lifted it to her lips, while Cousin Norman explained that she was the mother of five veterans. "Oh, no, it is for me to kiss your hand," exclaimed Miss Davis, dropping on her knee and pressing Grandmother's hand to her lips, while Grandmother's soft blessing and her tears fell upon her.

Until the last, Grandmother retained her sympathetic understanding of the young people in the family. Once when Rob (Robert Gould Goree) went to see her when he was home in Texas, after several years spent wandering

over the Western States, Grandmother said to him: "Robert, the family thinks that you should settle down in one place, but I do not think so. God gave us this beautiful world to enjoy and I am sorry I have seen so little of it. I hope you will see as much of it as you can."

Grandmother was deeply religious and evidently no doubts disturbed her peaceful certainty. Her faith in the goodness of God was boundless and the devil was a real person to her, horns, hoofs and tight red suit. When I was there at her last family reunion, she asked me about a man who had greatly wronged Father. "He still lives at home," I said, "he preaches at the ..... Church."

"It does not matter if he does, Honey," she said, shaking her little head positively, "the old devil will get him just the same."

Grandmother lived a long and active life and she spent little time regretting the past, but the letters from Dr. Battle and the opportunity to recall her happy girlhood gave her great joy in her old age. The Battle "History" closes its references to her with this paragraph:

"Conspicuous among all the maidens, doubtless the only survivor of all her associates, was Sally Kittrell, beautiful, graceful, agreeable, dutiful, pious, whose memory of Chapel Hill, after seventy years, is still green, who in her distant Texas home, radiating loving influences all around, remembers her old home with so vivid clearness and such tender love that she signs the long letter written entirely by her own hand:

'In my 90th year, seeing and hearing as well as ever,

'A daughter of Chapel Hill,

Sarah Williams Goree'."

Mr. Blacknall calls attention to the number of places to

which the Kittrell family has given its name. There is a Kittrell Chapel as well as a Kittrell postoffice in North Carolina; there are Kittrell postoffices in Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi and Texas. Normangee, in Texas, is named for Norman Goree Kittrell, since his admirers could not use his last name. Mr. Blacknall attributes this to their love of the land. They also have an almost absurd love for their own name. Mr. Blacknall says that the family who remains in North Carolina is characterized by its great physical strength, hard practical sense, and humor. Most of them are lawyers or farmers. They are thrifty, but not wealthy.

The Gulf State Kittrells usually were, and are, lawyers or doctors. One is a minister, and among the young men now there are several very successful business men. I have never known one who was not a scribbler and an amateur genealogist. They all write but do not attempt to make a living entirely by the pen. Even John Thomason—of Kittrell descent as we are—retains his commission in the Marines although he has two successful books and an open magazine market.

The Kittrells always know all the family affairs and are embarrassingly ready to tell you the date of your birth. They receive kinsmen with hospitable arms and, although the meal may consist of grits and butter, no apology is offered. An atmosphere of gaiety and affection prevails in their homes, and every member of the family has an opinion to express on whatever subjects are of local and national importance at the time. They are usually quite religious although a number of denominations are represented among them. More than any people I know, they are the most successful in keeping themselves free from what Ellis Parker Butler calls the great American pastime of "picking goat feathers." This is his term for the endless and

usually aimless activities which we allow our lives to be cluttered up with, and which keeps us from doing the things we really want to do. You may find seven Kittrells at early Communion but you will not find one attending a miscellaneous committee meeting. They may write a column for the daily paper on the reduction of acreage, but they will not read a paper on Greek Art at the Woman's Club.

My own brother Bryant, (Bryant Kittrell Goree) has some of the Kittrell characteristics. He is an authority on Joseph Conrad but he has never read "Main Street," nor "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

I hope that the Kittrell heritage will sometime give to us a great writer, or a great leader of social and economic thought.